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CHARLOTTE BRONTE

Jane Eyre



Jane Eyre

Charlotte Brontë



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about the author

Charlotte Brontë was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1816. Her father was a minister, and her mother was a frail woman who died when Charlotte was five.

Charlotte and three of her sisters were sent to a school nearby where conditions were so bad that two of them grew sick and died. Many believe that Charlotte used this school as a model for Lowood in *Jane Eyre*.

When her education was complete, Charlotte and her sister Emily planned to open a school for girls. But no one applied to the school, and the sisters were forced to give it up. Then a new idea occurred to them. Charlotte had been writing stories since she was a child; finally she decided to publish one. In 1847, under the pen name of Currer Bell, Charlotte's novel *Jane Eyre* was printed. It was an instant success.

Her financial worries were over, but Charlotte had other sufferings to endure. Her brother and her two sisters died within a short time, leaving her alone. Yet she managed to write two more novels, *Shirley* and *Villette*. Then in 1854 she married Arthur Bell Nicholls, her father's assistant minister.

Charlotte's happiness as an author and a wife, however, was cut short. After only a year of marriage, she died in 1855 at the age of thirty-nine.

Charlotte
Brontë

Jane Eyre



Bessie



Mr. Rochester



Jane Eyre



Mrs. Fairfax



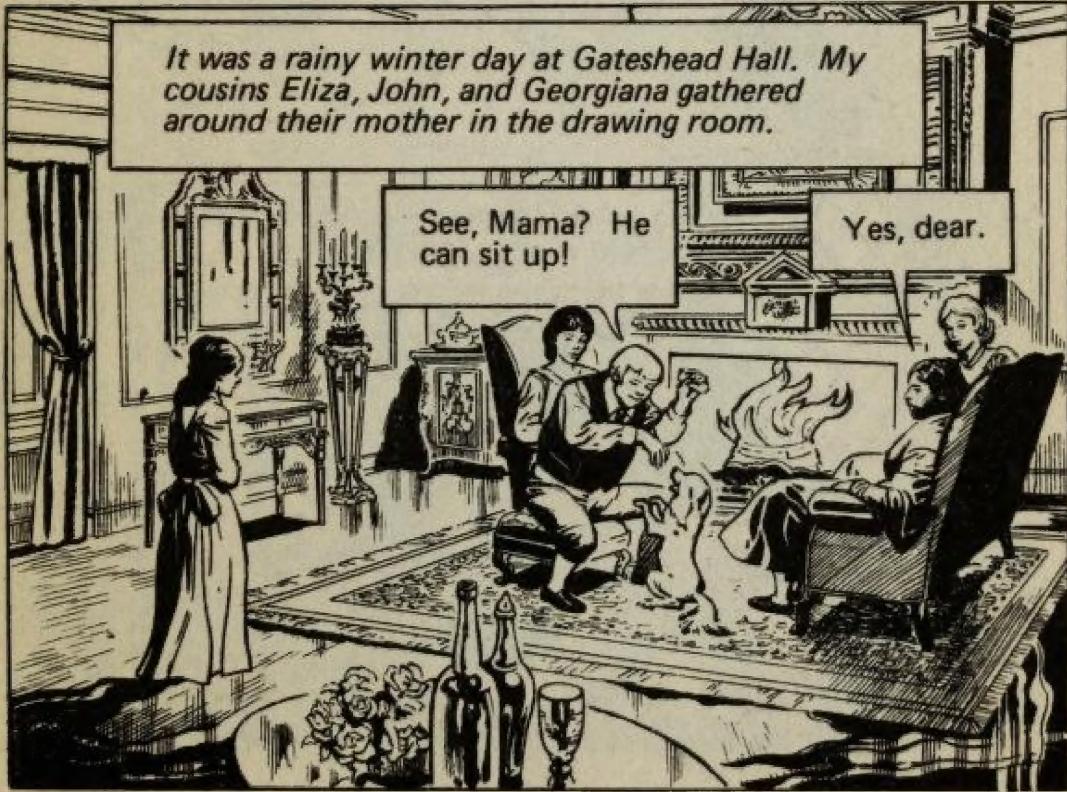
St. John Rivers

Jane Eyre

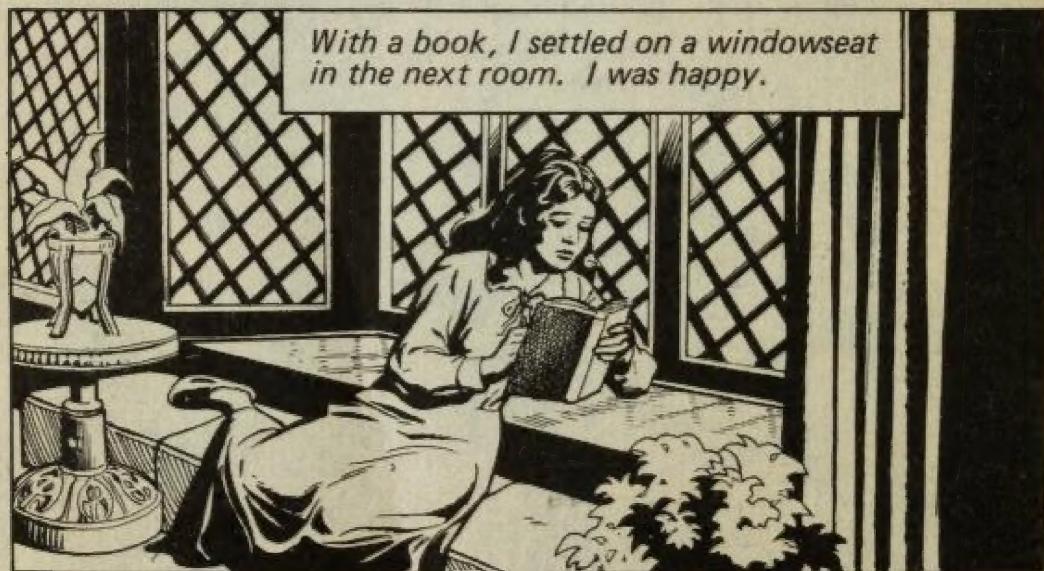
This is my story. As a child I was left an orphan in the care of my mother's brother. All was well until he died. He left a widow and three children who had room in their house, but not in their hearts, for me.



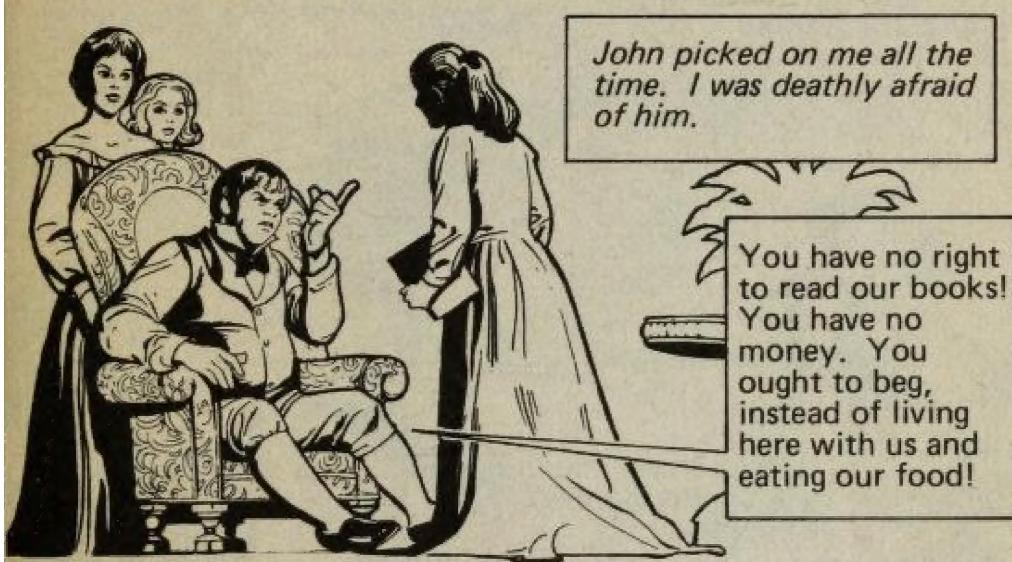
It was a rainy winter day at Gateshead Hall. My cousins Eliza, John, and Georgiana gathered around their mother in the drawing room.



POCKET CLASSICS



Jāne Eyre



POCKET CLASSICS

Then, picking up the book, John threw it at me.

And that is for reading my books!

For once, I answered back. I had been reading a history of Rome.

John rushed at me.

What? Did you hear what she said, Eliza and Georgiana? Wait till I get over there!

Wicked boy! You are like the Roman emperors!

He grasped me by the hair. Angrily I fought back.

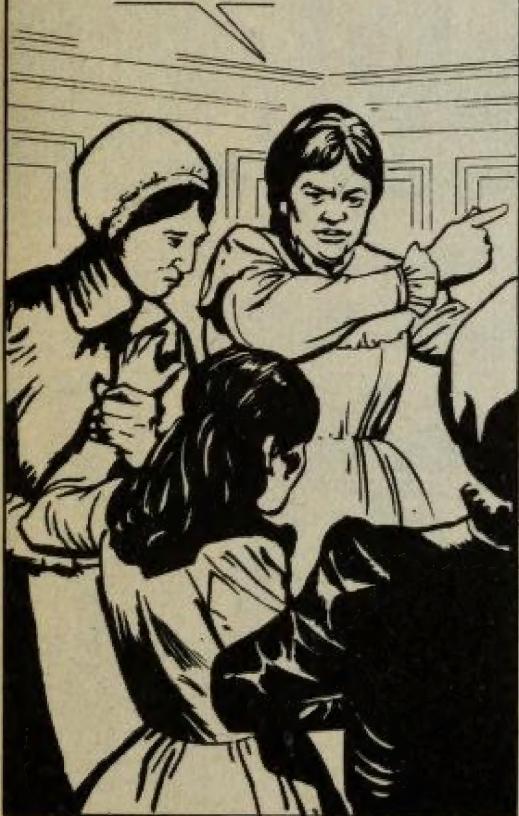
Mrs. Reed arrived, followed by her maid Abbot, and Bessie the nurse. We were quickly separated.

What a fury, to
fly at Master
John!

Did anybody ever
see such a
thing?

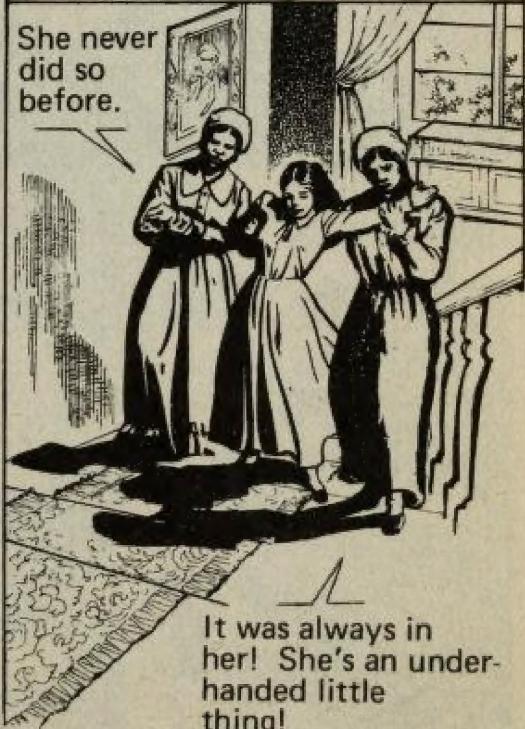


Take her away to the red room,
and lock her in!



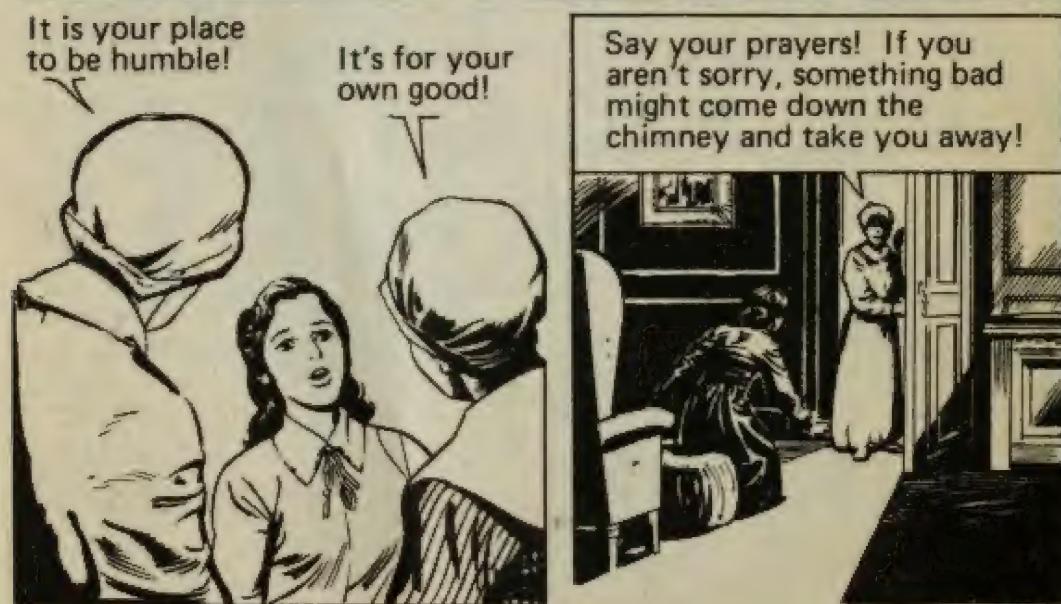
*I was carried upstairs,
struggling all the way.*

She never
did so
before.



*It was always in
her! She's an under-
handed little
thing!*

POCKET CLASSICS



Jane Eyre

*They left, locking the door.
My head ached and bled. I
sat trying to think.*

Eliza and Georgiana are selfish and spoiled; John is cruel to me and to everyone! But they are loved and praised and never punished!



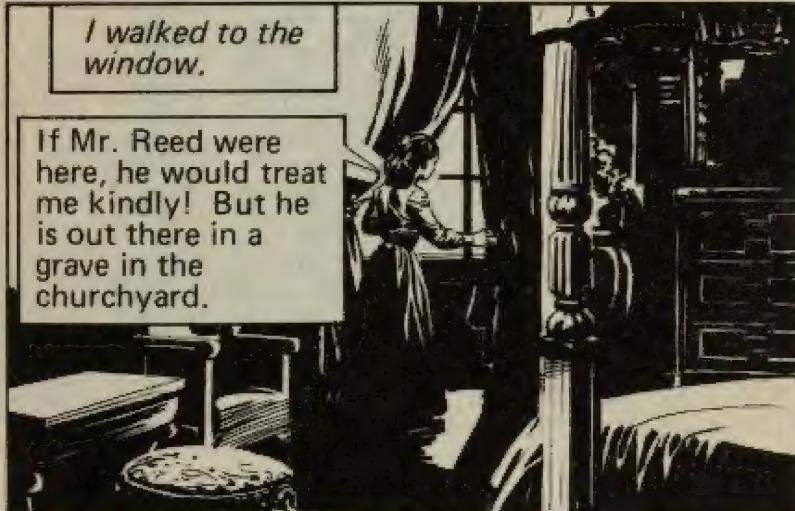
*I try to be good, but
I am always punished.
It's just not right!*



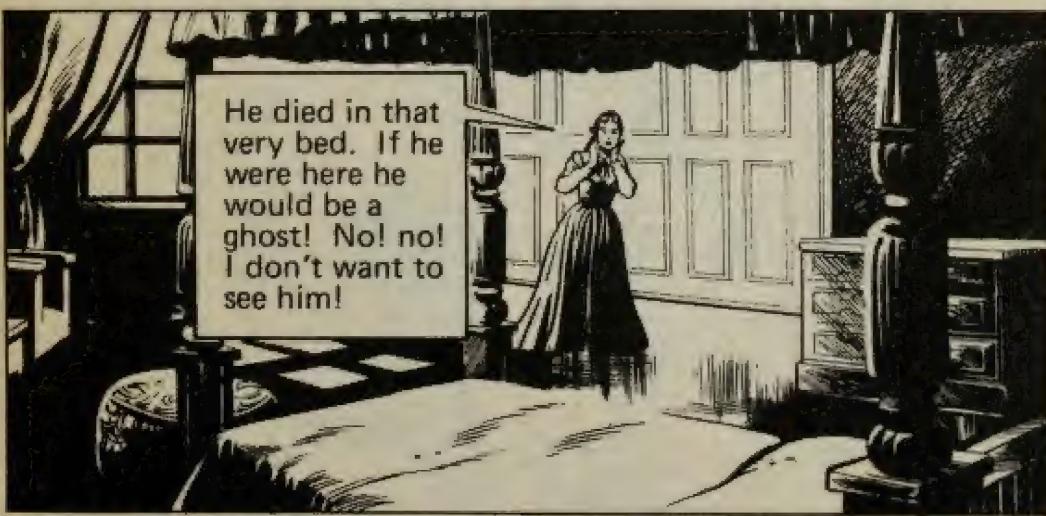
Mr. Reed had been my uncle, my mother's brother. When my parents died soon after my birth, he took me into his own home. And at his death, he had made Mrs. Reed promise to bring me up as one of her own children.

I walked to the window.

If Mr. Reed were here, he would treat me kindly! But he is out there in a grave in the churchyard.

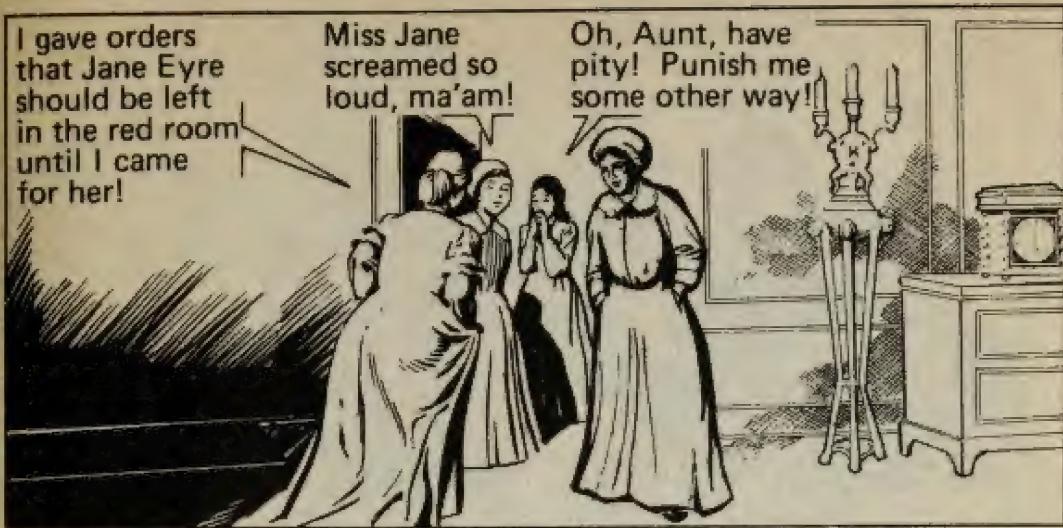


He died in that very bed. If he were here he would be a ghost! No! no! I don't want to see him!



POCKET CLASSICS





POCKET CLASSICS

Well, who am I?

• Mr. Lloyd, sir—the apothecary.



She'll do very well now. See that she is not upset tonight. I will call again tomorrow.



Talking to me the next day, Mr. Lloyd learned that I was very unhappy and would like to go to school. He told this to Mrs. Reed. Several weeks later I was brought to her in the drawing room.

This is the little girl I told you about, Mr. Brocklehurst.



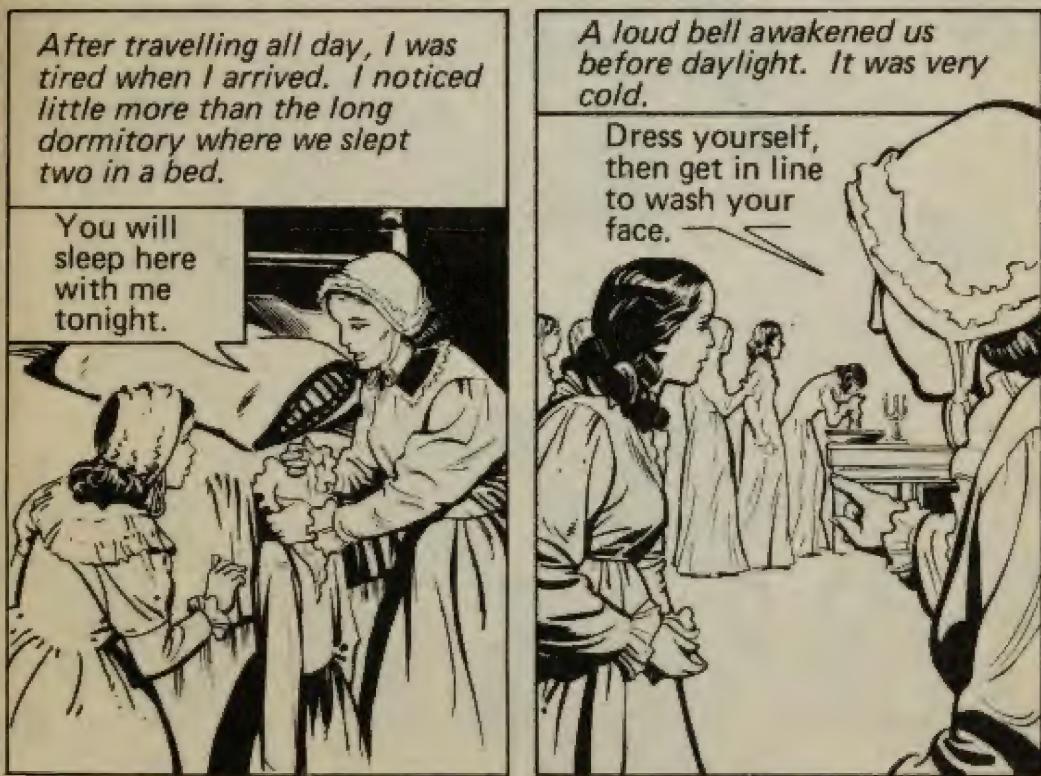
There is no sight so sad as that of a naughty child!

I wish her to be brought up very simply. She must be made useful, be kept humble.



I take care to do this at Lowood! Plain fare, simple dress, hardy and active habits . . .

Jane Eyre



POCKET CLASSICS

Then we went to the class-room for an hour's work. At last, about daybreak, another bell sent us to the dining room.

Smell it! The porridge is burnt again!



I had eaten little the day before. I was hungry.

But after two spoonfuls, I could eat no more.

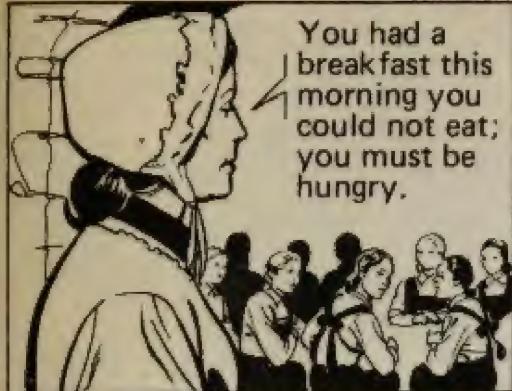


The eighty girls were divided into four classes, all meeting in the same room.

You will sit here, Jane, in the lowest class.



At noon Miss Temple, the principal, rose and spoke to us.



You had a breakfast this morning you could not eat; you must be hungry.

I have ordered that a lunch of bread and cheese be served to all.



After this welcome lunch, we went to the garden for some exercise. Here I made a friend, Helen Burns.

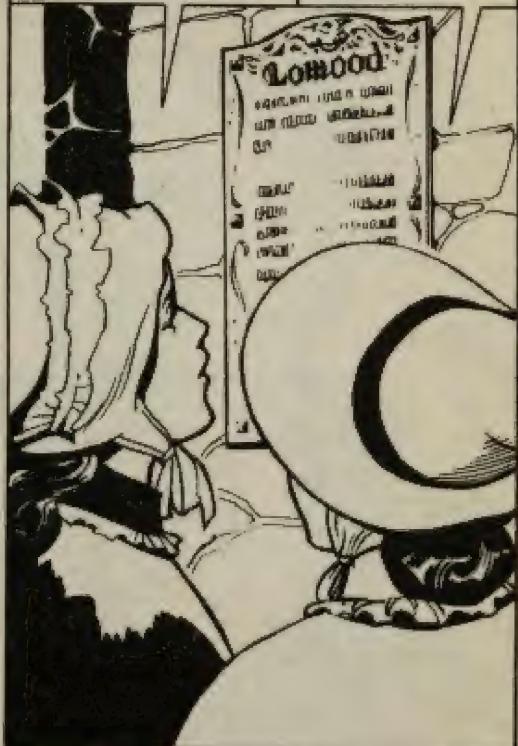
Will you tell me something about the school?

Anything I can.



"Lowood School. Rebuilt by Naomi Brocklehurst of Brocklehurst Hall." What does that mean?

She was Mr. Brocklehurst's mother. He runs everything here.



POCKET CLASSICS

Then the school does not belong to Miss Temple?

Oh, no! She must answer to Mr. Brocklehurst for everything.



Why do all the girls look so much alike?

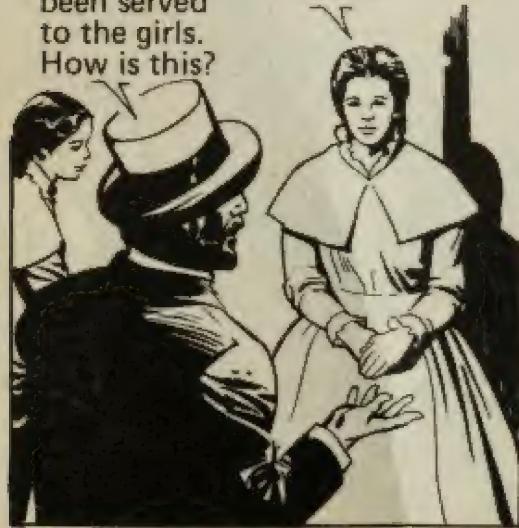
We make our own clothes—all from the same materials and the same patterns.



One afternoon Mr. Brocklehurst visited the school.

I find in settling the accounts that a lunch of bread and cheese has been served to the girls. How is this?

I ordered it, sir. Breakfast was so badly prepared that they could not eat it.



Madam, my plan is to make these girls hardy, patient, and humble! A little thing like burnt porridge should be allowed every now and then!



Jane Eyre

Suddenly one of the older girls caught his eye.

What is this?
Red hair, ma'am,
curled—curled
all over!

That is Julia
Severn. Her
hair curls
naturally.



I wish the hair to be arranged
plainly! That girl's hair must be
cut short enough never to curl
again!



*Mr. Brocklehurst
was a dreadful man.
I was very afraid of
him. But I worked
hard, learned my
lessons, and was
promoted to a
higher class. I began
to learn French and
drawing. I made
many friends. At
last I began to be
happy.*

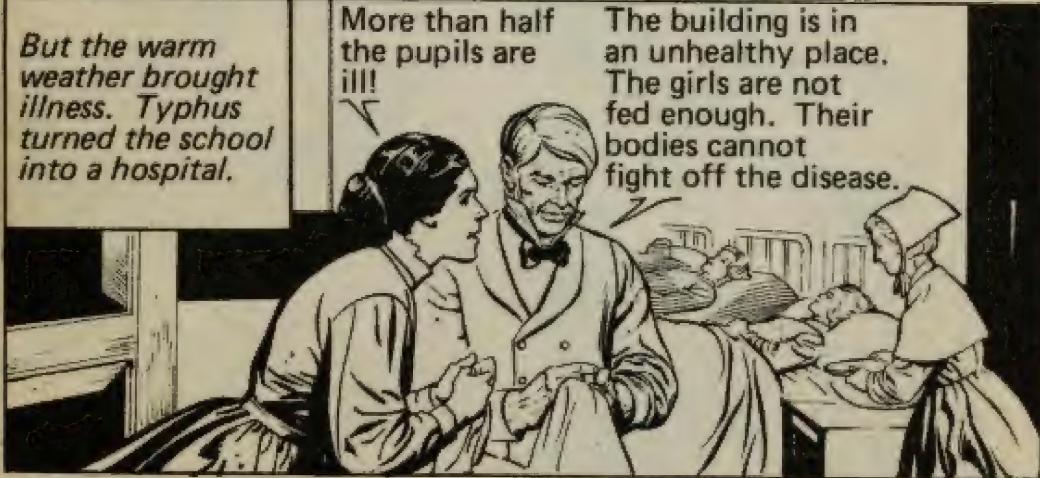
*Spring came. It was warm, and the world
blossomed.*



*But the warm
weather brought
illness. Typhus
turned the school
into a hospital.*

More than half
the pupils are
ill!

The building is in
an unhealthy place.
The girls are not
fed enough. Their
bodies cannot
fight off the disease.



POCKET CLASSICS

Before the sickness had run its course, there were many deaths, among them Helen Burns. But some good came out of all our suffering.

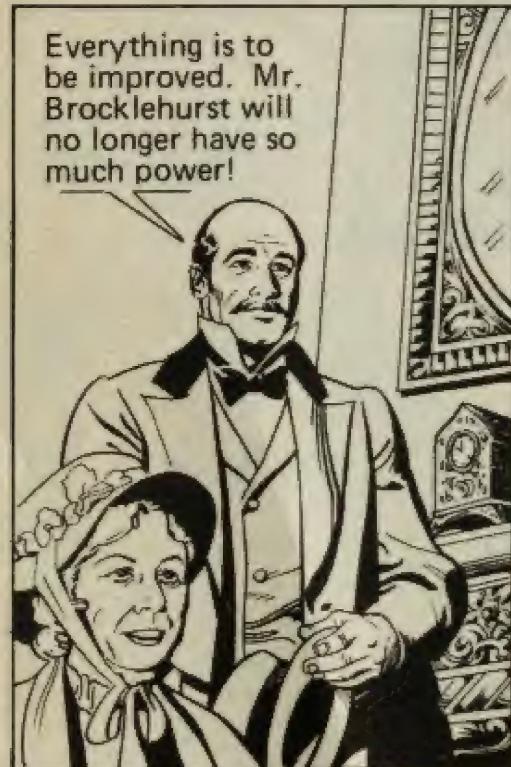
All of us were shocked to learn about life at Lowood.

Many people in the county have raised the money for a new school. It will be built in a much better place.



Everything is to be improved. Mr. Brocklehurst will no longer have so much power!

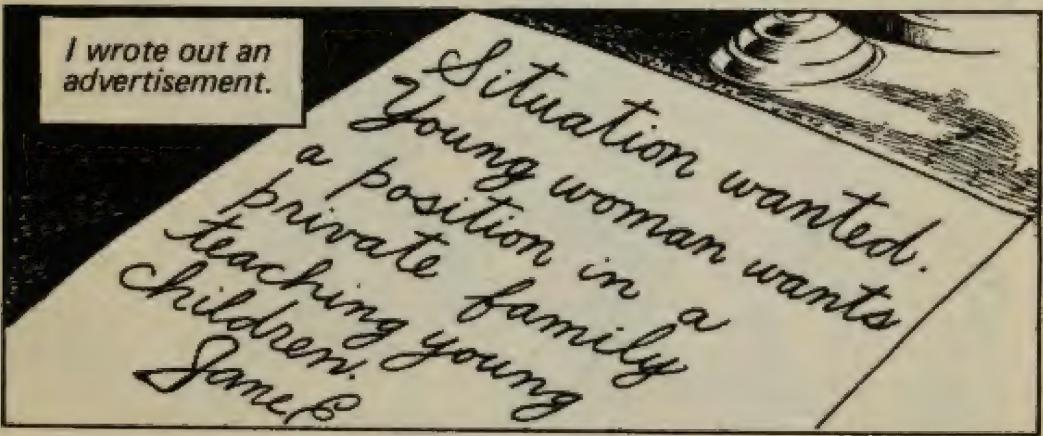
I am so thankful! Lowood can become a truly noble school!



And so it proved to be. I remained there for six years as a pupil, receiving a fine education. I stayed on for two more years as a teacher. And Miss Temple's friendship was always my greatest joy.

Jane Eyre

Then Miss Temple got married. I watched her, after the ceremony, step into the coach that would carry her away to a distant home.



POCKET CLASSICS

I mailed it to the newspaper. A week later I visited the Lowton Post Office.

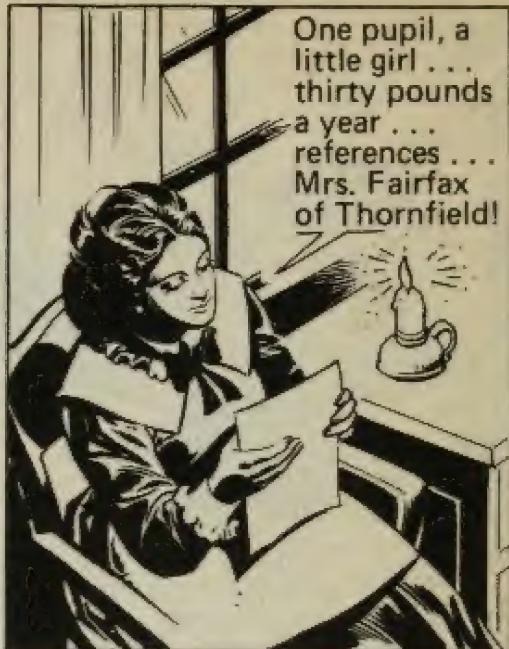
Are there any letters for J. E.?



There is just one.

It was not until bedtime that I could read my letter.

One pupil, a little girl . . . thirty pounds a year . . . references . . . Mrs. Fairfax of Thornfield!



I told the principal of my chance at a new job. She spoke to Mr. Brocklehurst, who said that Mrs. Reed, as my guardian, must agree.

Mrs. Reed writes that you may do as you wish. She long ago gave up any interest in your life.

I've neither seen nor heard from any of the Reeds since I came to Lowood. I was sure they would not care.



Soon I prepared to leave Lowood. My last evening arrived.

Miss, a person downstairs wishes to see you.



Jane Eyre

I went to the teachers' sitting-room. A woman took my hand.

I would have known you anywhere! And you've not quite forgotten me, I think, Miss Jane?



In another second I was kissing her.

Bessie!
Bessie!
Bessie!



Bessie told me her own news, and that of the Reeds.

Did Mrs. Reed send you, Bessie?

Oh, no! I've often wanted to see you. Then when I heard you were moving far away, I thought I would come and say goodbye.



I am afraid you do not like what I have become, Bessie!

No, Miss Jane. You are quite a lady, and ever so smart! You'll do well, even without your rich relatives!



POCKET CLASSICS

Have you ever heard anything from your father's family, the Eyres?

Never in my life.



Missus always said they were poor and low-class. But seven years ago, a Mr. Eyre came to Gateshead and wanted to see you. He was as much of a gentleman as any of the Reeds could ever be!



He was sorry to hear that you were away at school. He was leaving in a day or two for another country.

What country?

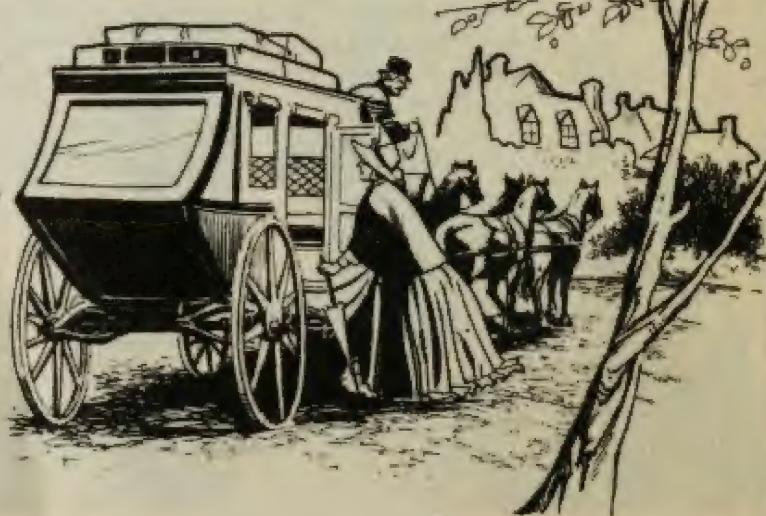


An island far away . . . where they make wine . . . Madeira, that's it!

Well, I have never heard from him.



We talked of old times for an hour or more. Then Bessie left for home, and I went to bed. The next morning I mounted the coach which would take me to new duties and a new life.



After a sixteen-hour drive I reached my goal, a country house outside of Millcote.



So this is
Thornfield
Hall!

*The maid showed me to a
cozy sitting-room.*

Come in, my
dear! You must
be cold.

Mrs. Fairfax,
I suppose?



Yes. Do sit down! I will
order you a hot drink and
something to eat!

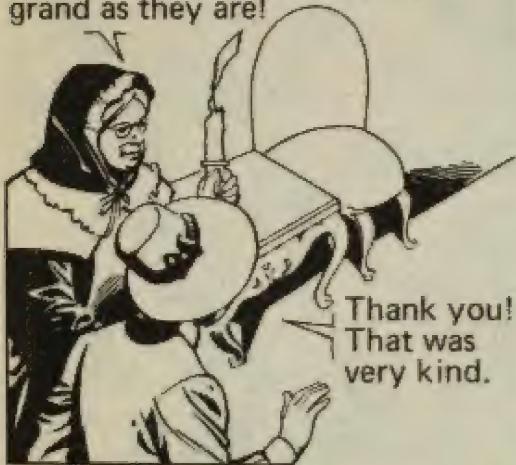


*I had expected to see someone
very formal, but she treated
me like a visitor. Mrs. Fairfax
paid more attention to my
comfort than I had ever before
received!*

POCKET CLASSICS

After my late supper she led me upstairs through great, dark hallways to my bedroom.

This is the room next to mine. It is only a small apartment, but I thought you would prefer it to one of the front rooms, grand as they are!



The next morning I arose early. I found my way downstairs and stepped out through an open door to look at my new home.

A gentleman's manor house! It is not a nobleman's home, but it is quite lovely anyway!



It was here that Mrs. Fairfax found me.

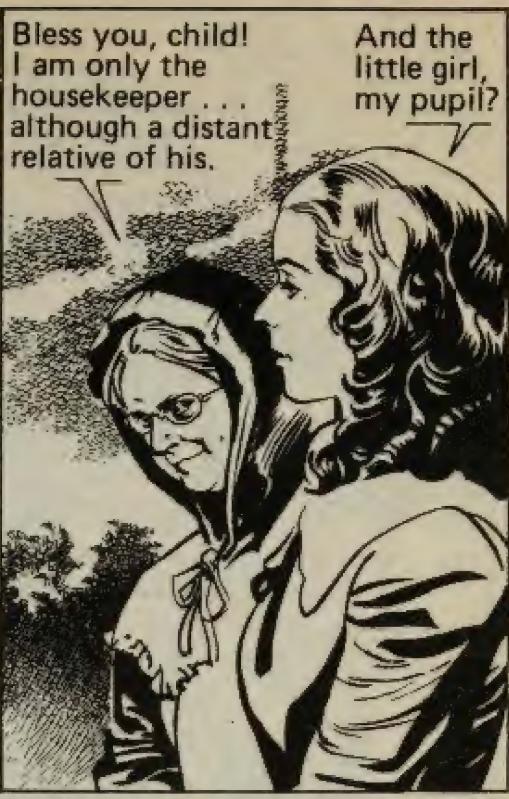


Yes, a pretty place. But I fear it will run down, unless Mr. Rochester should decide to live here the year round.

Mr. Rochester? Who is he?



Jane Eyre



POCKET CLASSICS

After breakfast, Adele and I went to the library, which would serve as our schoolroom.

Books, a piano, an easel, globes—we shall do very well here.

I am so happy that you speak my language well, mademoiselle!



Later Mrs. Fairfax showed me through the house.

What a beautiful room!

I have opened a window to air it.



Things grow damp in rooms that are seldom used.

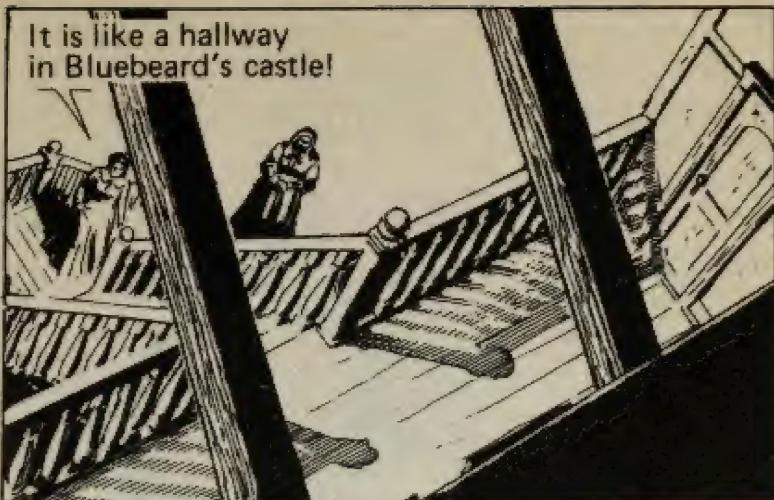
You keep things in wonderful order! One would think the rooms were open every day.



Though Mr. Rochester's visits are rare, they are always unexpected. I like things to be ready when he comes.



I followed her through many grand chambers, then through the attics and onto the roof for a fine view. Returning, I awaited her in an attic hall.



Then I heard a sound... a loud, strange laugh.



Mrs. Fairfax! Did you hear it? Does Thornfield Hall have a ghost?

No ghosts at Thornfield, my dear. It is likely one of the servants... perhaps Grace Poole.

She is a servant who sews and helps with the housemaid's work.



She is not very ghost-like!



POCKET CLASSICS

October, November, December passed. Mrs. Fairfax, Adele, and I got along well. One January afternoon I set out for a walk.



As I started to walk again, a horseman appeared.



Suddenly, with a clatter, the horse slipped on some ice.



Jane Eyre

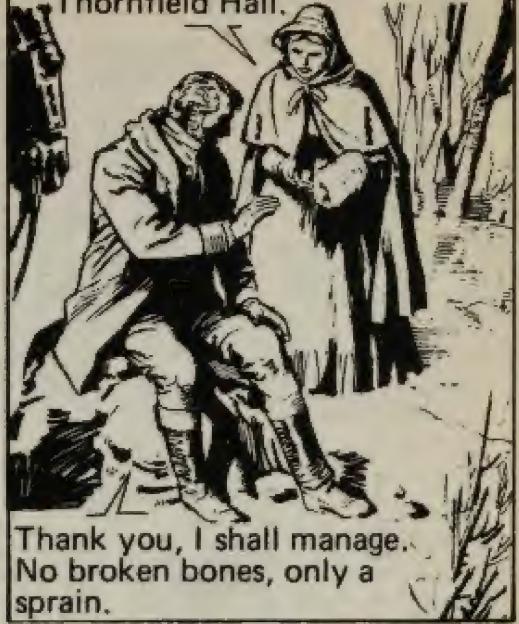
The rider untangled himself, and the horse got up.



Are you
hurt, sir?

Down,
Pilot!

If you are hurt and want help, I can fetch someone from Thornfield Hall.



Thank you, I shall manage.
No broken bones, only a
sprain.



I cannot leave you alone until
I see you
are able
to ride.

Very well,
then ...
help me to
my horse.

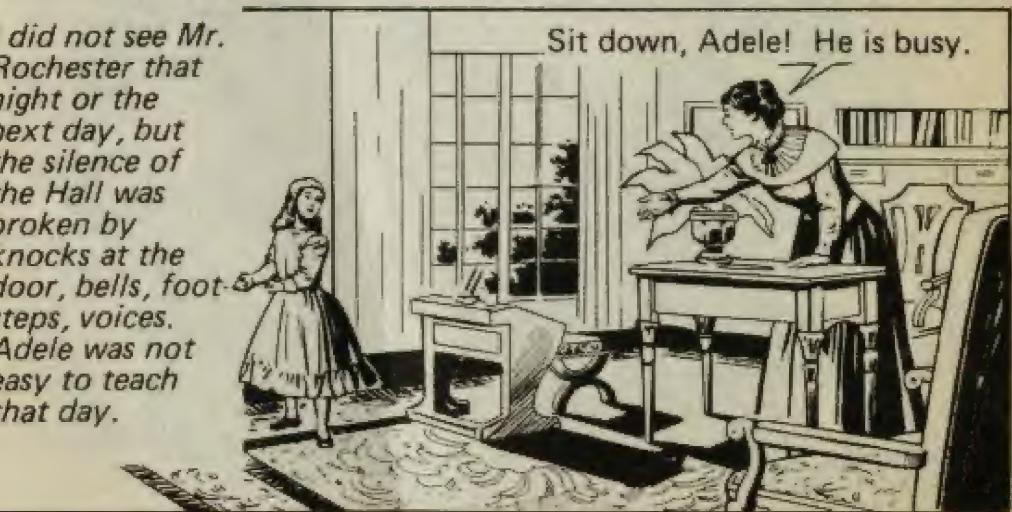
You should be at home
yourself. Go quickly!



POCKET CLASSICS

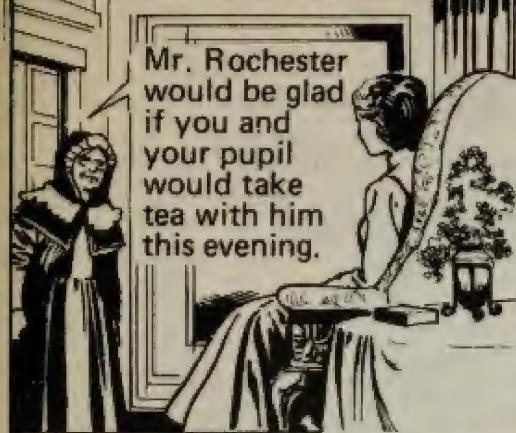


I did not see Mr. Rochester that night or the next day, but the silence of the Hall was broken by knocks at the door, bells, footsteps, voices. Adele was not easy to teach that day.



Jane Eyre

Later, Mrs. Fairfax came in.



Should I change my dress?

Yes, I always dress for the evening when he is here.

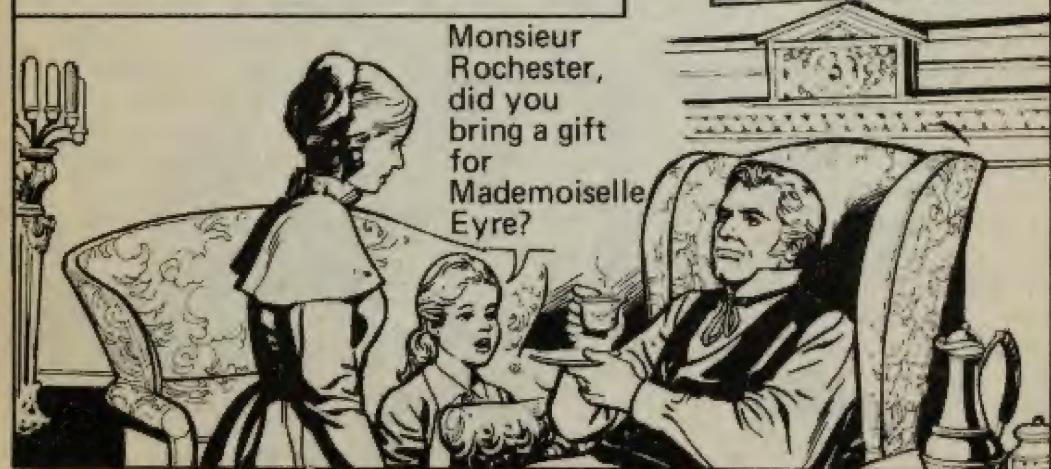


Mrs. Fairfax went with me to the drawing room.



*Soon the tea tray was brought in.
Mrs. Fairfax asked me to hand Mr.
Rochester his cup.*

Monsieur
Rochester,
did you
bring a gift
for
Mademoiselle
Eyre?

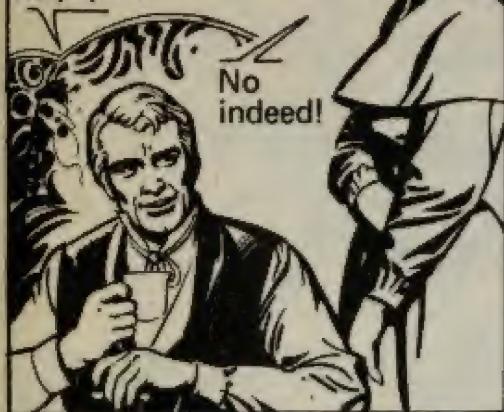


POCKET CLASSICS

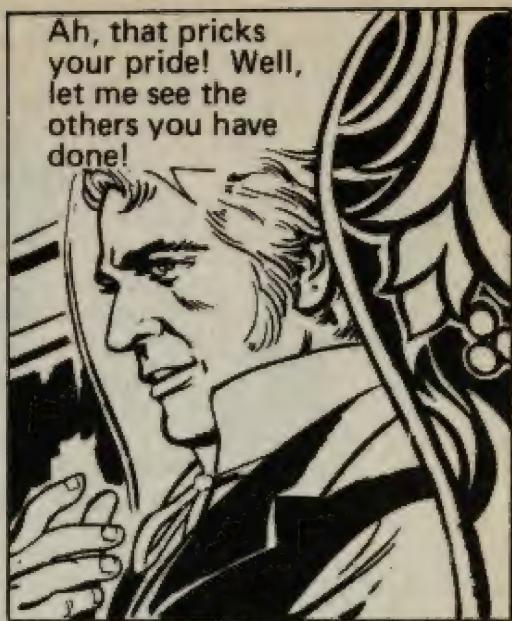


Jane Eyre

Adele showed me some sketches she said were yours. Did a teacher help you?

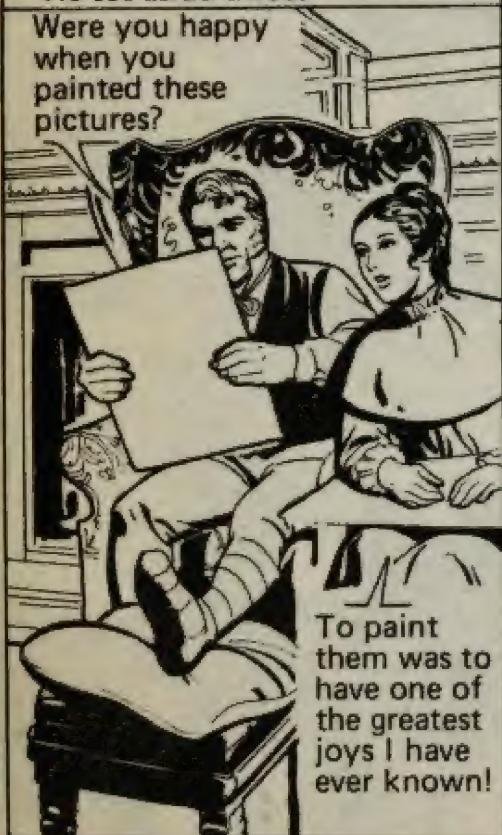


Ah, that pricks your pride! Well, let me see the others you have done!



Mr. Rochester studied each sketch and painting carefully. He set aside three.

Were you happy when you painted these pictures?

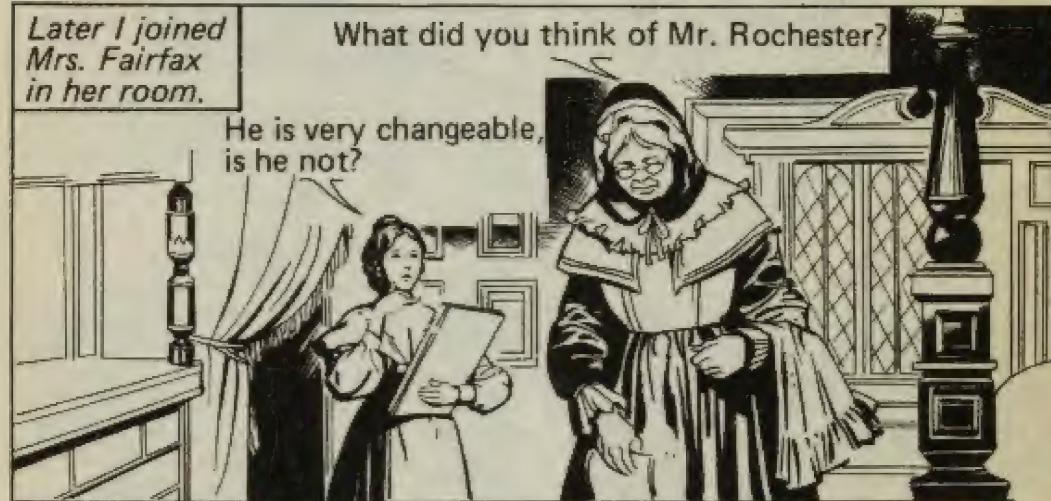
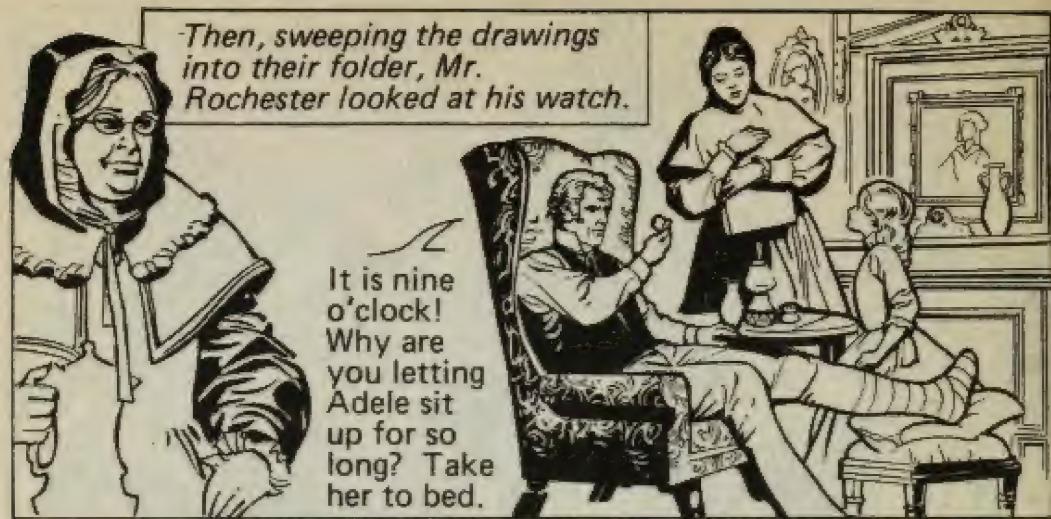


But I was upset by the contrast between my ideas and my work.

You have captured the shadow of your thought, and the thoughts are elfish! Those eyes must have come from a dream . . . And who taught you to paint wind?



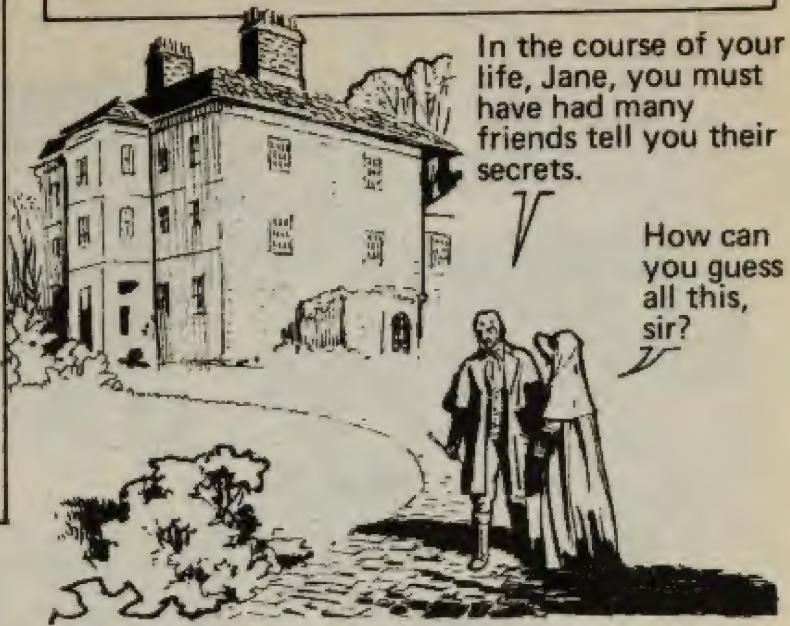
POCKET CLASSICS



Jane Eyre

In the days that passed, I had other talks with Mr. Rochester. He liked to talk about the world and its beauties to people who had seen only a small part of it.

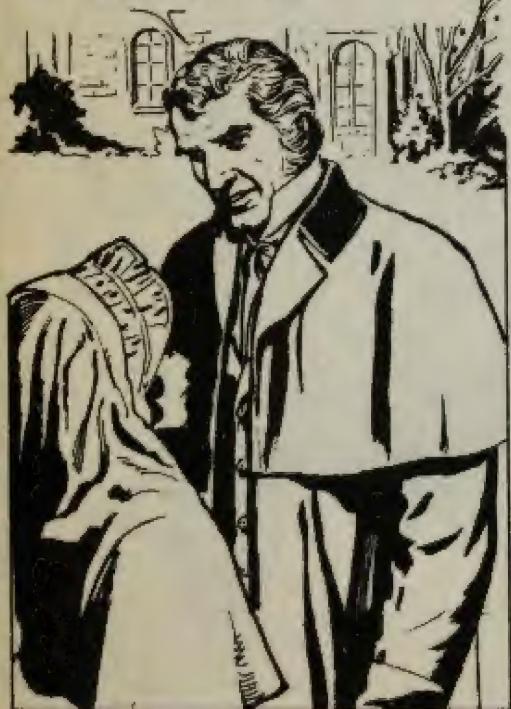
He also told me something of his past life.



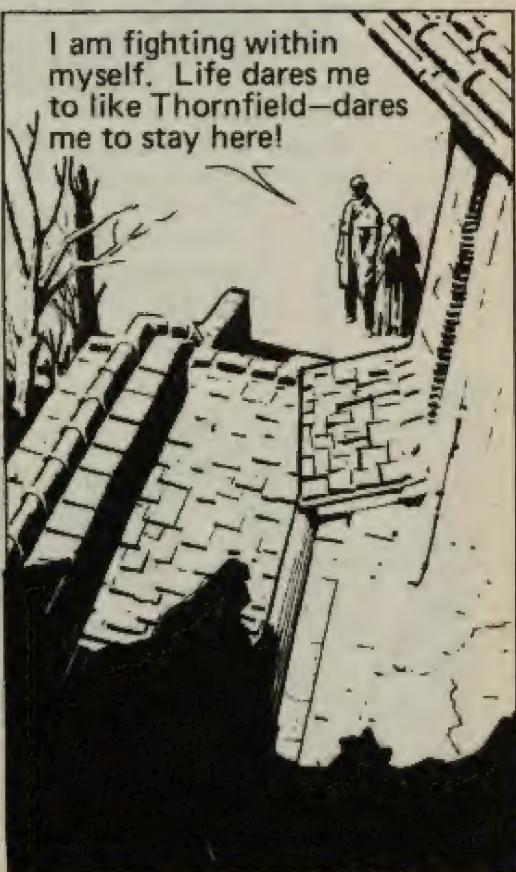
In the course of your life, Jane, you must have had many friends tell you their secrets.

How can you guess all this, sir?

I know it. You listen with great understanding. I talk to you as freely as if I were writing in my diary.



I am fighting within myself. Life dares me to like Thornfield—dares me to stay here!



POCKET CLASSICS

That night I could not sleep. I kept thinking of his look when he spoke of staying at Thornfield.

Will he leave again soon? Mrs. Fairfax said he seldom stays longer than two weeks. He has been here eight weeks already . . .



If he goes . . . if he is absent . . . how sad the fine days of spring, summer, and fall will seem!



I put out my candle and lay down. I heard the clock strike two. Then there was a devilish laugh.

Ha-ha-
HA-HA
HA!

Was that Grace
Poole? Is she
insane?



I am frightened!
I will dress and go
to Mrs. Fairfax!



When I opened my door I saw no one . . . only a candle burning on the hall floor.

Smoke! And I smell something burning!



Forgetting everything else, I hurried to Mr. Rochester's room.

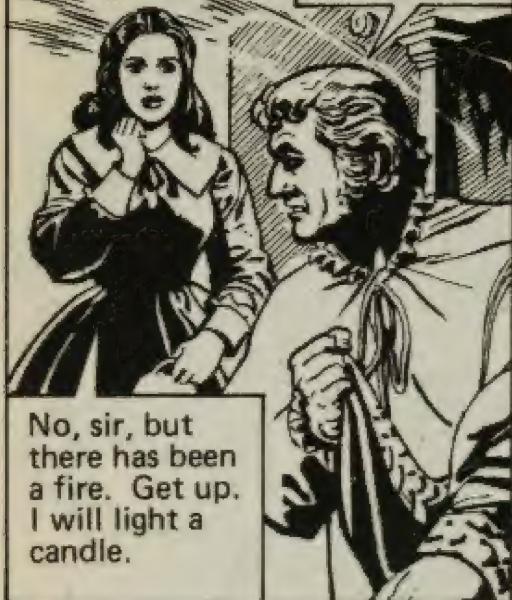
The smoke had made him groggy. I rushed for his basin and pitcher and emptied them onto the bed.



POCKET CLASSICS

*Thank God,
I could put
out the fire.*

*What the
devil! Is
there a flood?*



*No, sir, but
there has been
a fire. Get up.
I will light a
candle.*

*As Mr.
Rochester
looked at
the damage,
I told him
what had
happened.*

*Shall I call Mrs.
Fairfax? Or the
servants?*

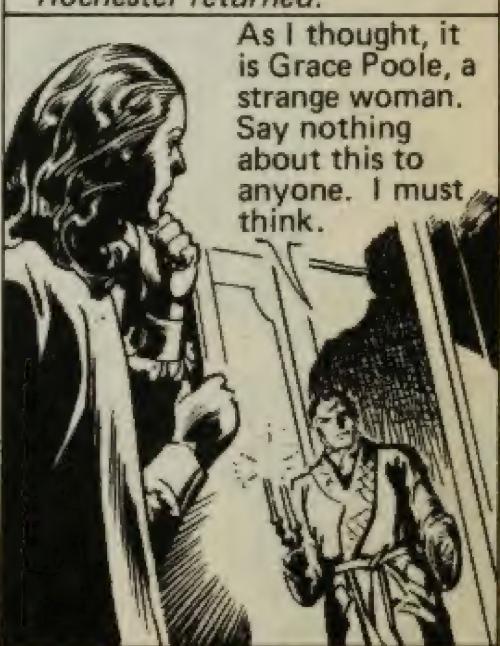


*No! Wrap up in my cloak,
sit there, and be still. I must
pay a visit to the third floor.*

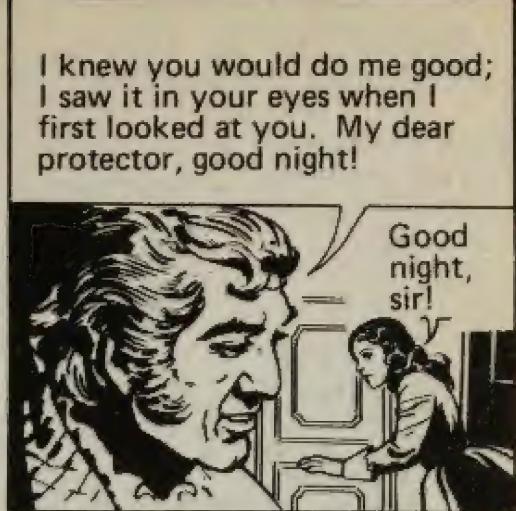


*I sat in the dark and thought
of Grace Poole, whose laugh
I had heard. Then Mr.
Rochester returned.*

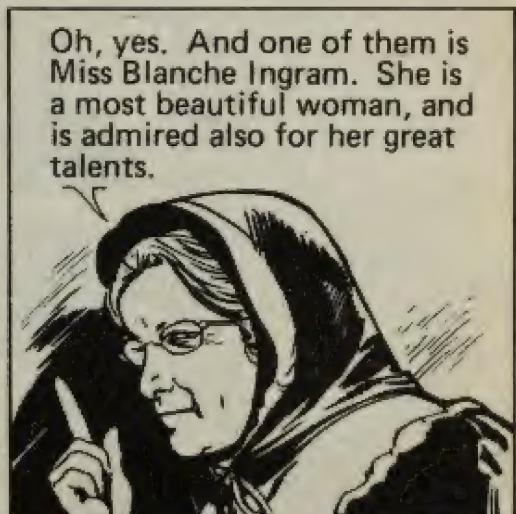
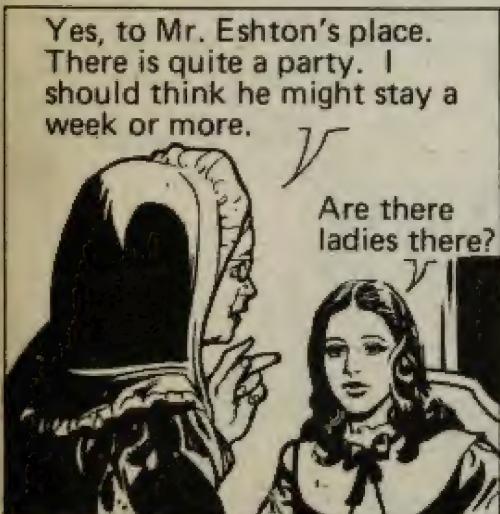
*As I thought, it
is Grace Poole, a
strange woman.
Say nothing
about this to
anyone. I must
think.*



Jane Eyre



There was a strange sound in his voice, strange fire in his look. I went to bed but not to sleep. On the next day I both wished and feared to see him again.



POCKET CLASSICS

Two weeks passed. Then a letter came for Mrs. Fairfax.

Well—sometimes we are too quiet, but we'll be busy enough now!

Mr. Rochester is returning?



In three days—and bringing with him most of the fine people from the Eshton party. All the best bedrooms are to be prepared . . . everything cleaned . . . extra kitchen help hired . . .



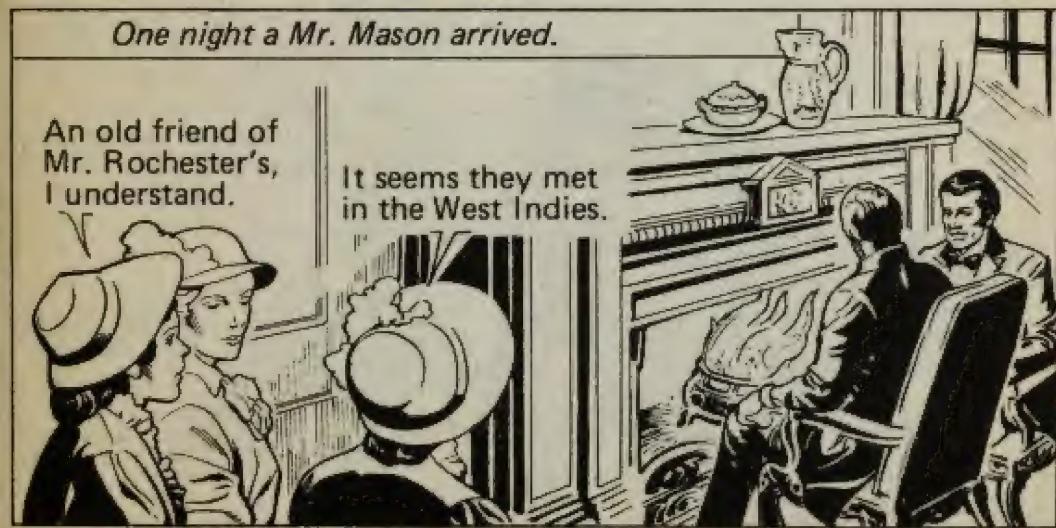
On the stated afternoon, the party arrived.



Soon the house was full of happy voices. In the hallways the maids and valets of the visitors rushed about. Mrs. Fairfax brought me a message.

Mr. Rochester asks that you bring Adele to the drawing room after dinner each evening.





POCKET CLASSICS

That night I was awoken by a terrible cry.



Rochester!
For God's sake, come!



It is from
the third
floor!

*In a moment
the hallway was
full of excited
people.*



A servant has had
a nightmare, that
is all! Now, back
into your rooms!

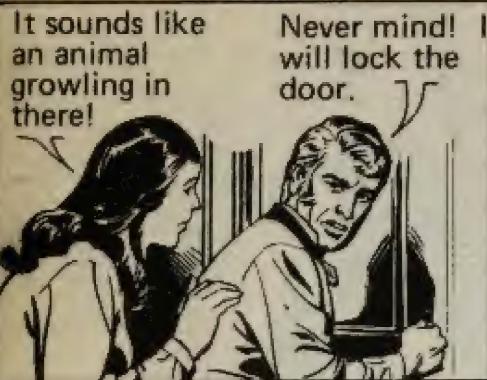


*But the sounds had been
in the room above mine—
both the cries and the
noise of blows and fight-
ing. Whatever it was, it
was more than a servant's
nightmare. I dressed and
waited in my room, ready
for I knew not what. I
was not too surprised
when Mr. Rochester came
for me.*

Jane Eyre

In a third floor room an inner door, usually covered by a curtain, stood open.

It sounds like
an animal
growling in
there!



Never mind! I
will lock the
door.

He led me around a large bed.

Mr.
Mason!

He will be all right.
But you must stay
with him while I ride
for the doctor.



*It seemed forever that I sat
beside Mason,
wiping away
the blood and
holding smelling
salts to his
nose when he
felt faint. But
at last dawn
came, and Mr.
Rochester
and the doctor
arrived.*

He will be all right—
it is mostly loss of
blood. But there
have been teeth
here, as well as
a knife!



She bit me—
like a tiger!

I warned you
to be on your
guard!

*Mr. Rochester wanted Mason to be away before everyone woke up.
We helped him down to a waiting carriage after the doctor had
finished.*

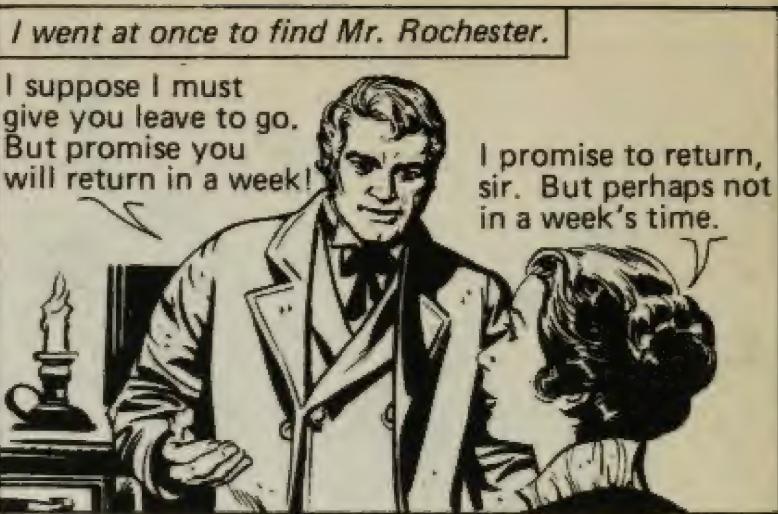
Goodbye, Rochester.
Let her be treated
as tenderly as may
be . . .



I do my best.
I have done it,
and will do it.

POCKET CLASSICS

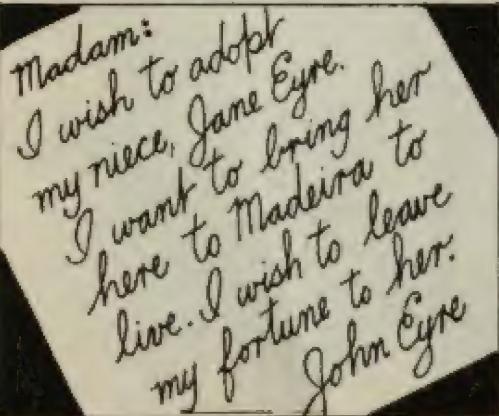
Only a short time later I received a message from Bessie at Gateshead. My cousin John Reed, having gambled away most of the family's fortune, had shot himself. The shock had given his mother a stroke, and she kept calling for Jane Eyre.



Indeed, when I arrived at Gateshead my aunt was very ill. It was more than two weeks before she could tell me what she wanted.



I obeyed her orders and read the following, dated three years back:



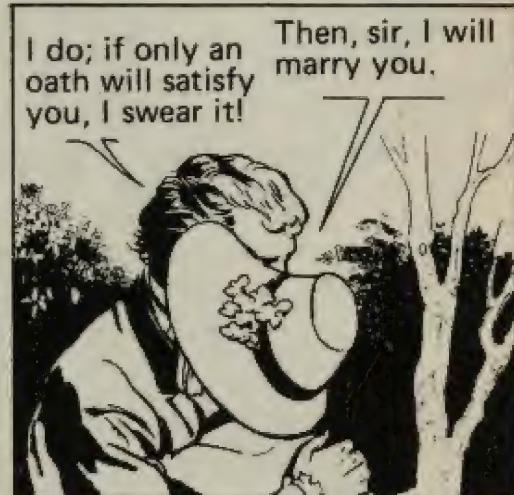
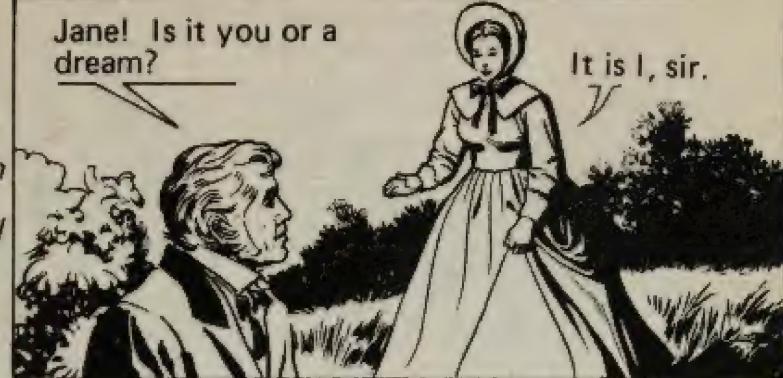
I could not bear to make you wealthy! I wrote him that Jane Eyre had died of typhus fever at Lowood. Now act as you please . . .



Jane Eyre

Mrs. Reed died that night. I had hoped to leave after the funeral, but stayed on to give my cousins what help I could. A month had passed before I reached Thornfield again.

It was a beautiful summer evening as I left the coach and walked across the fields. My heart beat faster as I saw a familiar figure.



The next few days passed in a happy dream as Mr. Rochester made his plans.

We shall be married in four weeks. The wedding will take place quietly in the village church below.

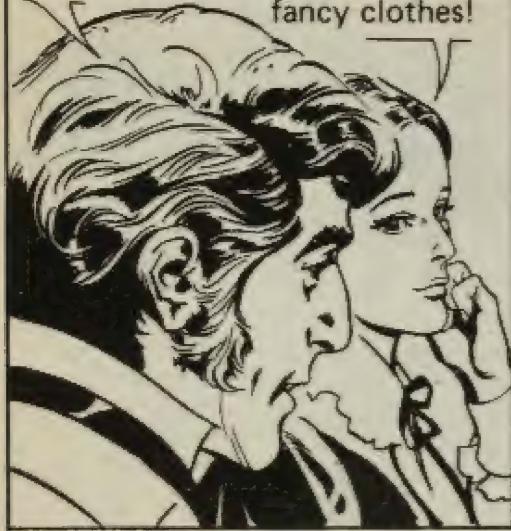


POCKET CLASSICS

I have sent to
the bank for my
family jewels.

And we shall go
this very day to
buy Jane silks
and satins!

No, no! You
won't know me,
sir. I will not
be Jane Eyre in
fancy clothes!



*Suddenly I remembered the
letter from my uncle. I would
write to him at once.*

I will tell my uncle that I am
alive and going to be married.
I would be happier if I could
bring even a little money to
Mr. Rochester!



*The month passed. Then, two
nights before my wedding, I
dreamed that Thornfield Hall
was in ruins.*



*I awoke, candlelight in my
eyes, to see a strange woman
staring at my wedding clothes.
She took my veil, and threw it
over her own head.*



Jane Eyre

She took off the veil, tore it in two, and threw it on the floor.



For our wedding there were no bridesmaids, no guests. Mr. Rochester and I walked the short distance to the church, and stood before the clergyman.



A voice spoke nearby.

*The marriage cannot go on.
There is a good reason.*



Starting for the door, she stopped at my bedside and put her candle close to my face. For the second time in my life, I fainted from terror.



I charge you both . . . that if either knows any reason why ye may not be lawfully married, ye now say so . . .



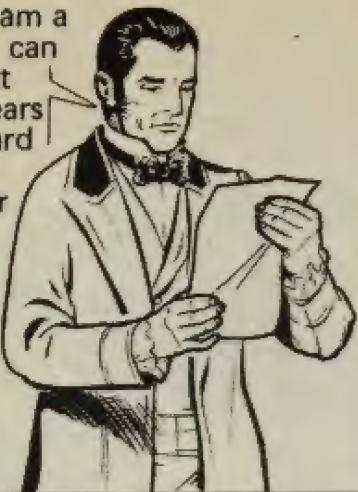
A man came forward.

*What is it? Simply . . .
that Mr. Rochester has a wife now living!*



POCKET CLASSICS

My name is Briggs. I am a lawyer. I can prove that fifteen years ago Edward Fairfax Rochester married Bertha Mason in Spanish Town, Jamaica.



That may prove that I have been married. It does not prove that the woman is still living.



She was living three months ago.

Another man stepped forward from the shadows.

Mr.
Mason!

I saw her at Thornfield Hall last April.
I am her brother.



Enough! We can go no further. There has been gossip about the crazy woman kept at Thornfield under lock and key. She is Grace Poole's patient.



I now inform you that she is Bertha Mason, my wife. She is mad and comes from a mad family. No one told me that before I married her!



Jane Eyre

This girl knew nothing of the secret. She thought all was fair and legal.

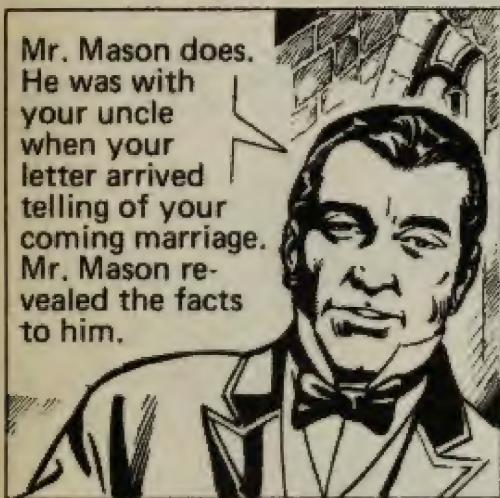


Your uncle will be glad to hear of it—if, indeed, he is still living.

My uncle! What of him? Do you know him?



Mr. Mason does. He was with your uncle when your letter arrived telling of your coming marriage. Mr. Mason revealed the facts to him.



Too ill to come to England himself, your uncle begged Mason to prevent this marriage!



We returned to Thornfield Hall. The coach, packed for our wedding trip, was unpacked, and the luggage was taken inside. I went to my room, changed from my wedding dress, and sat down to think.



*What am I to do?
There was only one answer. I must leave Thornfield Hall, for my dear Edward's sake as well as my own. I must slip away unseen, for if he begged me to stay, I would not be able to leave him.*

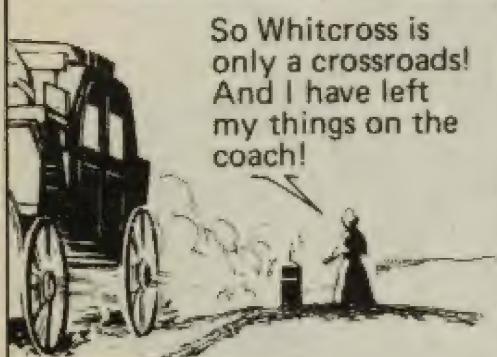
POCKET CLASSICS

At dawn I packed a few clothes, took my purse, and crept silently out of the house.



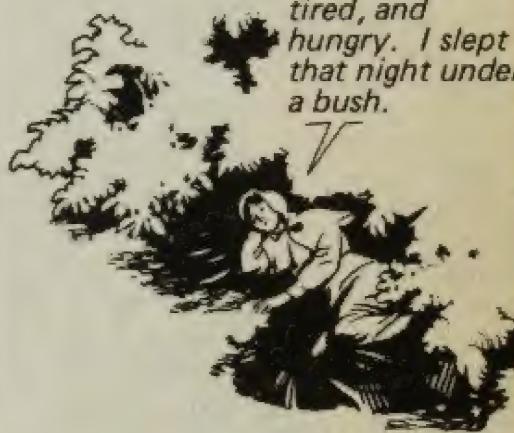
Farewell, kind Mrs. Fairfax! Farewell, dear Adele! And God bless you, my dear master!

On the road I hailed a coach and rode for two days to Whitcross, as far as all the money in my purse would take me.



So Whitcross is only a crossroads! And I have left my things on the coach!

I was weak, tired, and hungry. I slept that night under a bush.



The next morning I ate some berries, then walked to a nearby village. I needed food and work. I entered a bake shop.



Do you know where I might find work?

No. The local factory uses only men. People who want servants have them already, and there are as many dressmakers as the town needs.

Jane Eyre

I wandered here and there asking at other places with always the same answer. At sundown, I saw a farmer eating his supper.

Will you give me a piece of bread? I am very hungry.



At dark, I was outside the village. It began to rain.

Am I to die of want and cold?



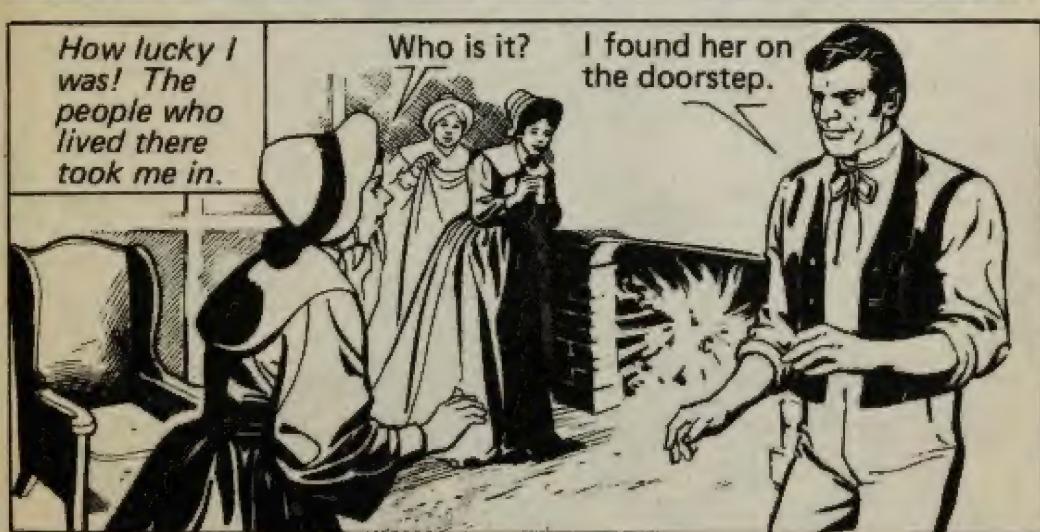
Suddenly, across an empty space, a light shone. Was this a sign? I tried to reach it, and found a long, low house.



How lucky I was! The people who lived there took me in.

Who is it?

I found her on the doorstep.



POCKET CLASSICS

The Rivers family: Diana, Mary, their brother St. John, and the old servant Hannah fed me, nursed me back to health, and became my friends. St. John promised to find me work.



I am the minister at Moreton. When I arrived, it had no school. I opened one for boys; I mean now to open one for girls. The teacher will have a two-room cottage and thirty pounds a year.

It is only a village school. The pupils will be poor girls . . . cottagers' children and farmers' daughters. Will you accept the job?



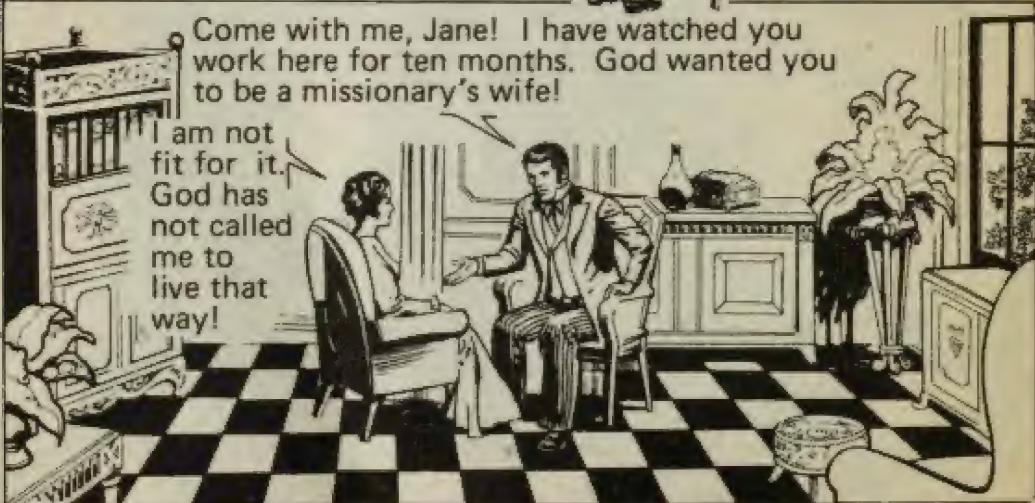
I accept it with all my heart!

I moved into my little cottage and started the school. St. John often visited me and talked of his plans.

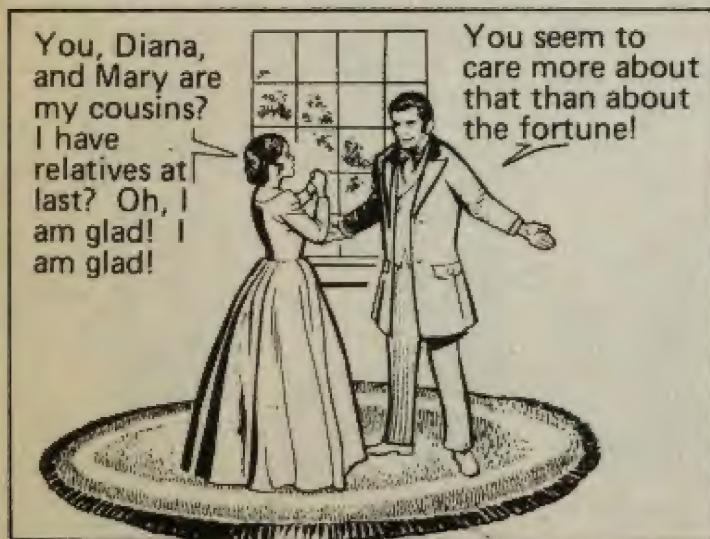
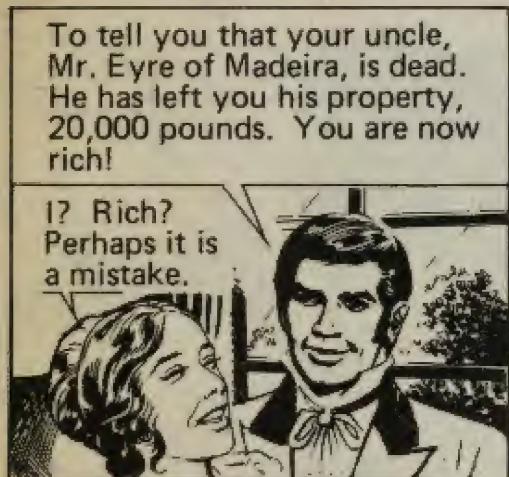
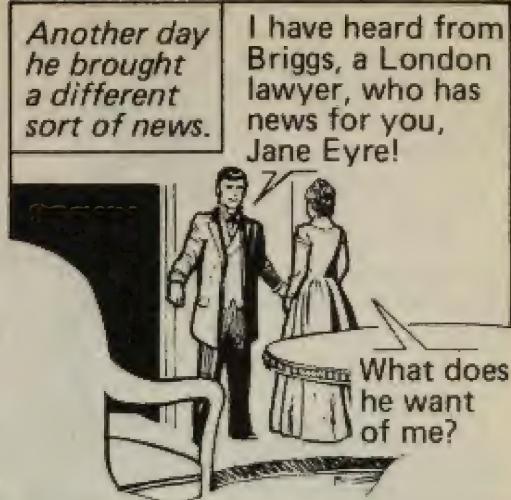
Long ago I vowed to become a missionary. My father was against it, but since his death I am free to go. I shall soon leave for the East.

Come with me, Jane! I have watched you work here for ten months. God wanted you to be a missionary's wife!

I am not fit for it. God has not called me to live that way!

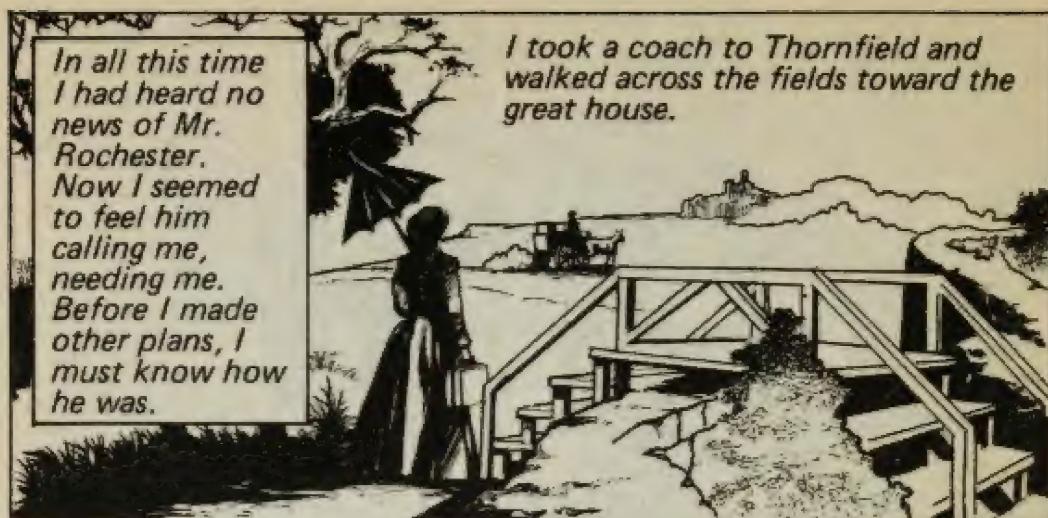


Jane Eyre



It was true. I was happy to have cousins whom I already loved. I arranged at once that the money should be divided among the four of us. Five thousand pounds was enough for each. Diana and Mary gave up their jobs, and we met for a happy reunion.

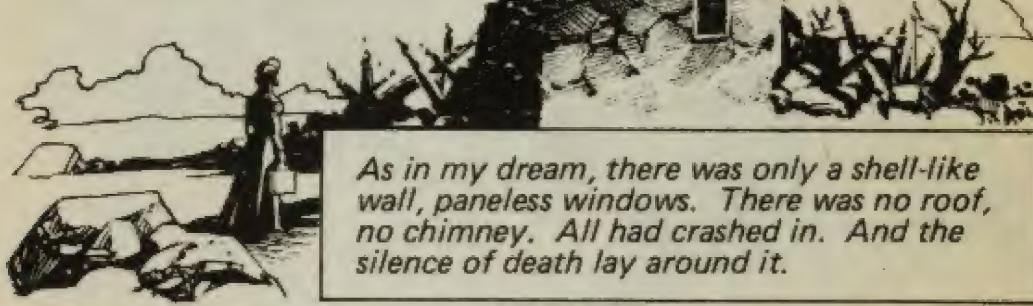
POCKET CLASSICS



In all this time I had heard no news of Mr. Rochester. Now I seemed to feel him calling me, needing me. Before I made other plans, I must know how he was.

I took a coach to Thornfield and walked across the fields toward the great house.

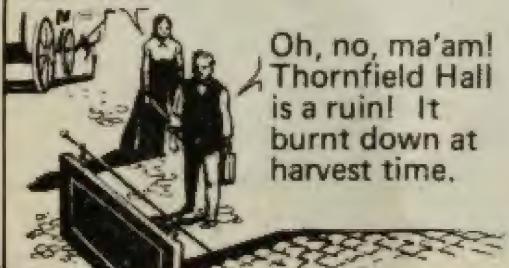
Eagerly I went forward. My first view would be from the front. I raised my eyes to see a lovely home—and saw a blackened ruin instead.



As in my dream, there was only a shell-like wall, paneless windows. There was no roof, no chimney. All had crashed in. And the silence of death lay around it.

I rushed to the nearby inn. The landlord would answer my questions.

Is Mr. Rochester living at Thornfield Hall now?



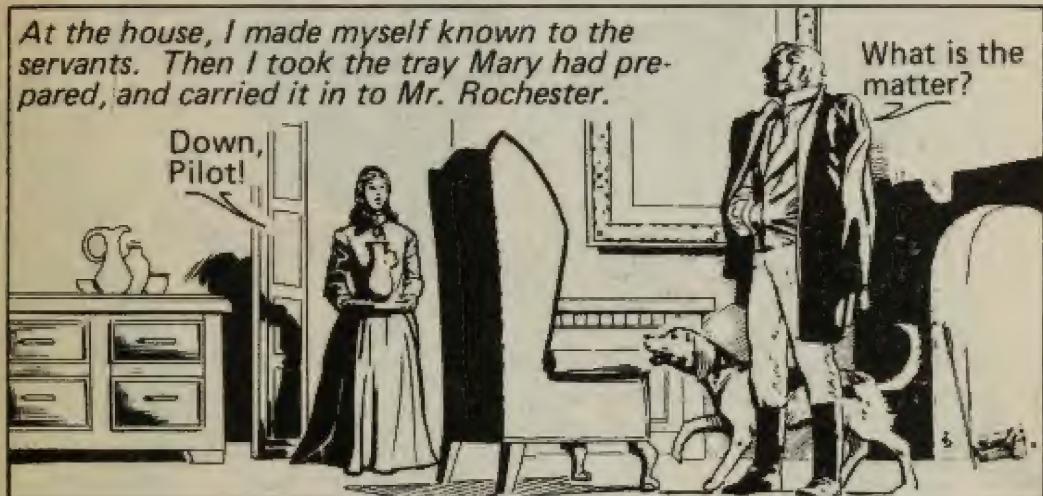
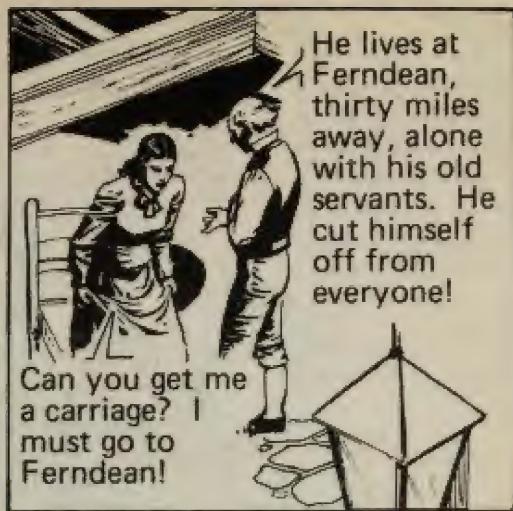
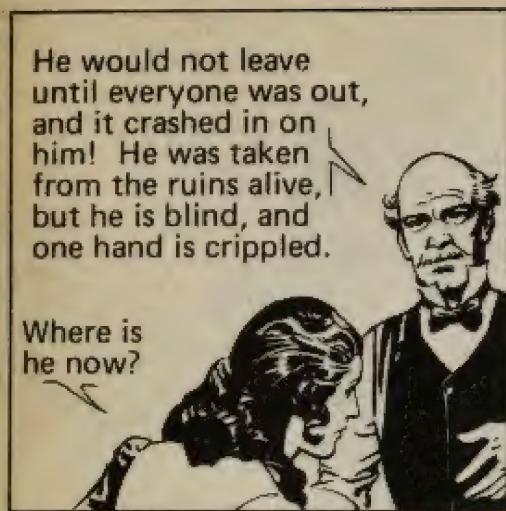
Oh, no, ma'am! Thornfield Hall is a ruin! It burnt down at harvest time.

There was a lady kept in the house, a lunatic. She set the fire, then died in it, despite all Mr. Rochester's efforts to rescue her.

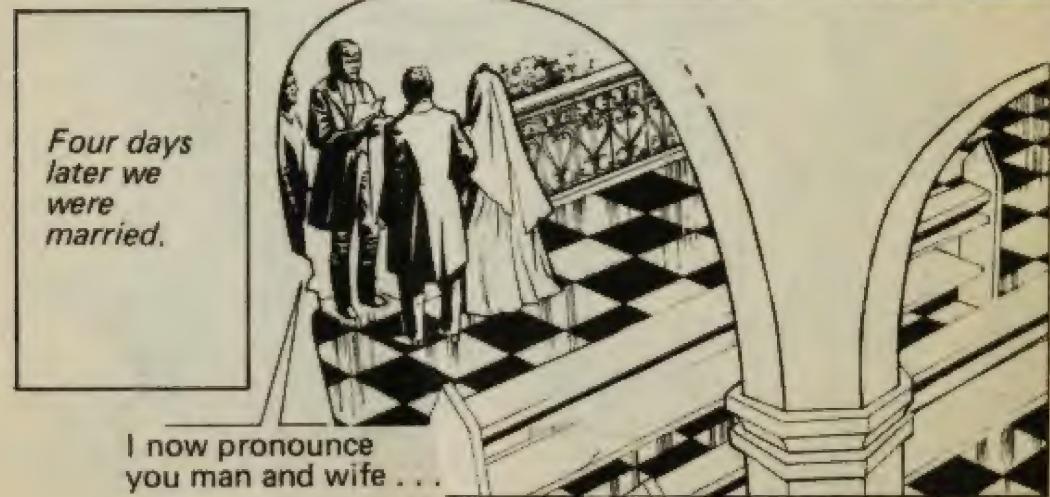
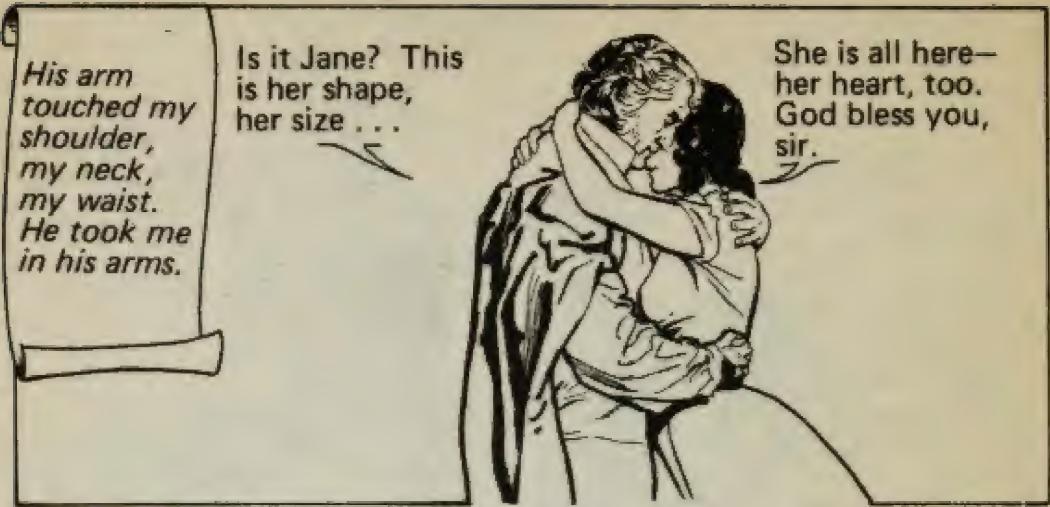
And Mr. Rochester?



Jane Eyre



POCKET CLASSICS



Jane Eyre

Two years later, as he dictated a letter, he came and bent over me.

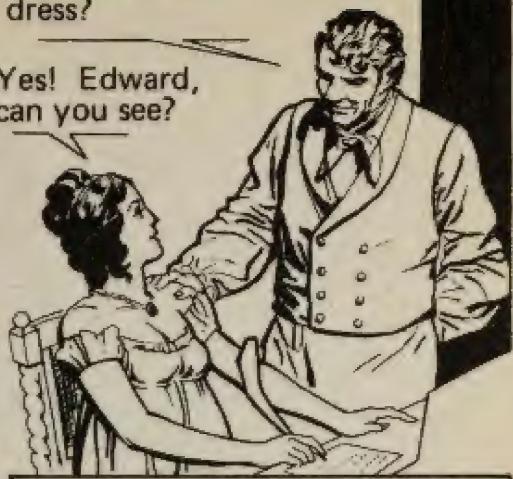
Jane, have you a shining ornament around your neck?

Yes, Edward.



And are you wearing a pale blue dress?

Yes! Edward, can you see?



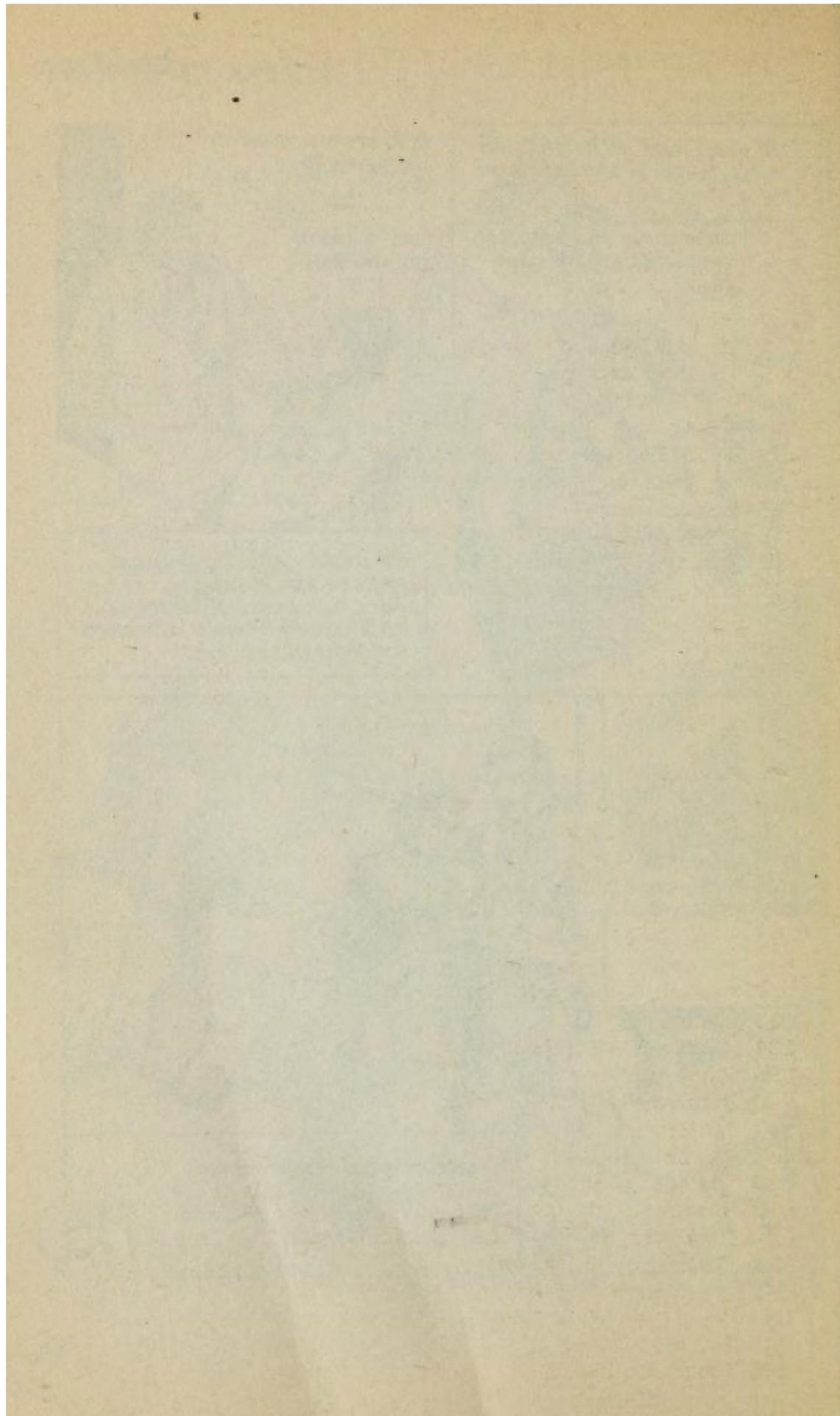
He told me that he thought one eye was improving. We went to a London doctor at once. Soon Edward recovered the sight of that eye.

When his first child was put into his arms, he could see that the boy had eyes like his own as they once were, large and black.

Edward, meet your son!

I have now been married ten years. I know what it is to live with what I love best on earth. I am greatly blessed.

THE
END



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Jane Eyre

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